THE
COMMONWEAL

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PROTECTION AGAINST FRIENDS

NO AUTHOR is more widely remembered than that remarkable French queen who, so far as we are aware, composed only one epigram in all her life. "May God save me from my friends; I can defend myself against my enemies" is a declaration which experience has taught every one of us to repeat, in some meditative hour. From a civic point of view, it seems very much to the fore just now. The American nation, owing to fortunate circumstances, would be hard pressed to discover even a single dangerous enemy; but it is exposed to genuine peril at the hands of its friends. This menace may be described as owning a twofold character. On the one hand it is the stiffest kind of conservatism, which believes that a habit is always dignified. On the other, it is a species of proprietary feeling, the victims of which act as if the social conscience were identified with their prejudices.

Both are dangerous because both are exaggerations of a normally healthy state of mind. The very fact that a civil society possesses a "personalist" character implies that, as it develops, it will also acquire something very like a temperament. Some signs of vigorous individuality will be apparent in even its trivial activities; and these will endear themselves particularly to subject members. One knows that there must always be something dramatic in the doings of France, and something metaphysical in the gyrations of Germany. We Americans believe that a form of "breezy bigness" characterizes all our efforts to cope with circumstance. Naturally enough, anxiety to conserve all this individuality resides in almost every acclimated citizen's bosom, and is quite as commendable as the effort to keep overstuffed davenports out of thirteenth-century castles. But the feeling may easily degenerate into a mania and insist that all change, and even all repair, is out of place. That a family should live in a mediaeval ruin without any windows or plumbing is the merest archaeology. That the United States should not be permitted to alter its international or domestic outlook to conform with shifting circumstances is nothing short of patriotic rheumatism.

This disease is vastly more prevalent than it should be. It manifests itself in rabid party loyalties, which identify a given partisan outlook with family pride or consciousness of caste. It is even present, though in a less virulent stage, in harkings back to "what Wilson did" or "what McKinley did," as if these august examples could tell us a great deal about what to do now. To some extent it crops out in the surprising effort by Mr. Hoover to convince us that the tariff is a kind of philosopher's stone. Years ago the tariff

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used to be a topic for debate, when a United States that was bound to create opportunity for millions of immigrant workingmen might well wonder if the change from low prices prevailing abroad to high prices prevailing here was beneficial. Today that shift has been made. The task ahead is surely to adjust the tariff to new conditions in world trade, and certainly not to rely upon it as something bound to settle all problems conjured up by the complex of prosperity. Mr. Hoover probably knows all this much better than we do; but he is fully aware that the people he is addressing want something simple, solid and old, and so supplies the demand. Indeed, the Hoover address at Newark had one great advantage over the Smith address at Omaha. No one had expected the Secretary of Commerce to appear as an astute politician, given to hammering out slogans, but he did so appear. Few had anticipated that the governor of New York would present himself as a careful student of political difficulties, but that is the part he played at Omaha with candor and caution.

The second menace of friendship is, however, far more immediate and importunate. During the course of time, diverse groups—religious, social, racial—have taken a prominent part in the national development. The New England English wrote the first great literary record of United States life and ideals. Frontiersmen, many of them Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish, developed a mood of sturdy egalitarianism and civic confidence that contributed much fibre to the country's mind. A widespread religious revival, having captured the South and West, brought into being a number of creeds which, for the very reason that they have flourished practically nowhere else in the world, seem intimately identified with the story of our progress. It would be niggardly to deny the goodness or efficacy of these forms of group service. But, generous though one's recognition of them be, none of us can leap to either of two conclusions about them: first, that any of these things was "the" creative thing, which did not need the confluence of sundry other factors and energies; secondly, that any one is now entitled to mastery of an America which is the creature of new conditions and problems.

Yet it is to such conclusions that several of these groups have hastened, in an effort to freeze out all other views from the national mind. A not inconsiderable amount of recent legislative novelty is the product of this effort, but apart from that there abides an increasing perversion of the normal attitude toward society. It not merely creates diverse intolerances but seeks to fructify them. Against this tendency Emerson, in his time, voiced a magnificent protest: "Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living, and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you can get sufficient votes to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow, and not lead, the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on ideas build on eternity."

This admirably American doctrine by an admirable American is the right answer to all waves of proprietary feeling. To us of the present it reaffirms the absolute necessity for looking away from hysteria or constraint toward organic progress. It bids us to remember what a law is and what a socialized desire is. We may want to build our cities to conform with the ideals of a visionary sociologist; but we should all be dwelling on the plains in tents if we ruled that there might be no other cities. The desire must be realized before the law can be. "We must trust infinitely," Emerson says again in the same essay, "to the beneficent necessity which shines through all laws. Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men. Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, and for every other. There is a middle measure which satisfies all parties, be they never so many, or so resolute for their own."

Here is the only possible architectural plan for a coöperative democracy, which will always be forced to send its too obstreperous Cincinnati back to their plows. And the Catholic who reads these Emersonian lines cannot help being struck with how admirably they conform with those views of Aquinas which may fairly be said to govern the attitude of his Church toward social matters. In those sections of his Summa which treat of this theme, Thomas speaks very lucidly of those "necessities of reason" which are fundamental to social living. The state is not the creation of any individual desire, and so cannot exist in order to realize such a desire. It is simply the result of human nature, which is so constituted that neither reason nor material wants can be served in any other way than by a prudent living in common. Prudence, therefore, is absolutely essential; and prudence says first of all that the law cannot raise people up by their bootstraps or juggle them out of Cossacks into Parisians.

Few things are clearer than that the separatistic, violently headstrong talk which has grown louder and louder during recent years until it, a great deal more than a multitude of "whispers" during the existing campaign, is on the verge of turning into ridiculous gibberish. You cannot in the long run keep men out of office because they are Catholics or Quakers. You cannot elevate a threat against thirst into the "ordinance of the common reason." You cannot compress political opportunity into the confines of either an exclusive club or a ward that is out at the heels. You cannot turn over the nation's destinies to any religious group. These things are impossible, in the long run, because they are foolish; and prudence is the life blood of society, which moves to the implacable rhythm of its corporate necessities.

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WEEK BY WEEK

GOVERNOR SMITH made a great speech at Oklahoma City. It was worth a thousand addresses of the Omaha variety, because the man who made it was not trying to veer around ticklish problems but was speaking his strong, clear, courageous mind upon convictions for which he has stood during a lifetime of public service. There have been Catholic politicians who deserved every bit of the distrust which has been stirred up in many people's hearts by the violence of this campaign. There have been Protestant and agnostic politicians who merited fully as much. But either before this election or after it the nation will find out that the Governor of New York is a man against whom this sort of vilification will not work—a four-square citizen whose public and private life are as worthy of endorsement as Lincoln's own. We have never said, nor will we, that his fitness for office is greater than that of Mr. Hoover. But it is the blackest kind of injustice to deny that he is either as sterling an American as the country could wish for, or as fine an advertisement for the virtue of the Catholic lay life as one can point to. That is why bigots hate, fear and oppose him. Sooner or later, now or six months from now, it will be clear that no man was ever better qualified than Mr. Smith to affix these words of truth to the fastnesses of the Klan: "The world knows no greater mockery than the use of the blazing cross, the cross upon which Christ died, as a symbol to instil into the hearts of men a hatred of their brethren, while Christ preached and died for the love and brotherhood of man."

SUMMING up the losses incident to last week's hurricane, the United States discovers that few recent disasters have left so much devastation behind. Porto Rico and several other islands are now worse than ghastly wildernesses. The damage to Florida is fully equivalent to the havoc wrought by the Miami storm of some years ago. Everything practicable must be done through charity and material enterprise to repair as much of the damage as possible; and certainly the efforts of both the Red Cross and business have been prompt and vigorous. Meanwhile it seems worth remembering that the regions fronting the Caribbean are really not less habitable than sundry other portions of the globe. If building science and weather forecasting combine to reckon with storm conditions in the best manner, loss of life can eventually be curtailed far more easily than in districts which suffer from periodic earthquakes, volcanic eruptions or heavy floods. It is also likely that if the local wind storms which scourge the Middle-West were taken as a unit, they would be found nearly as serious as the recent hurricane. Florida and the Caribbean isles are so advantageous to human life in many respects that surrender to pessimism regarding them at this point would be a serious mistake.

NOTHING indicates that the famous renouncement address delivered by President Calles, which touched even hearts that should be proof against seduction, was more than a blind. Whoever becomes chief executive of the unfortunate country of Mexico will repose under the thumb of the political and martial organization which Calles controls with the assistance of the United States. Meanwhile, however, there are indications of a growing desire to end some of the disturbances which have rocked Mexican society. The Catholic petition, requesting a status for the Church which will be like what prevails in the United States, has been warmly discussed in the press. El Universal's columns have been opened to a debate on the topic, and several prominent citizens have expressed themselves in favor of the petition. It would be futile, however, to attribute any great significance to such publicity. The government can quash it any time it likes; and even though everybody in Mexico City came out for religious freedom, the chief of police could go on ordering executions just the same. Ultimately salvation must come, can only come, through the terrible reductio ad absurdum of communistic policy, which has flouted every law of economics and psychology in order to establish a revolutionary abstraction by force.

ENGLISH Catholics have been called upon to face two very knotty educational problems. The first has to do with religious schools in England, which are still regulated by the compromise act of 1902. This agreement is too complicated to outline here, but in essence it has meant that Catholic institutions would get the

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cost of conduct out of the public funds. Building and remodeling, however, must be paid for by the faithful themselves; and since these can be ordered done by the local authorities, a great financial burden is constantly being placed upon the dioceses. The hierarchy has therefore drawn up a list of concessions which it hopes to secure from the government. These are being outlined and explained by a host of speakers touring the country with a view toward forcing the issue out into the open during the existing political campaign. Many feel that unless the effort succeeds, religious training will be seriously hampered. To us in the United States, the whole situation is of the deepest interest because of educational conditions here. American Catholics, better able to supply needed money, hardly dream of anything so good as the English system even while they are spinning out utopias. And yet the problem is bound to come up here also, and needs to be thought of even now.

THE second difficulty has arisen in Palestine. No question confronting the British High Commissioner has been so full of thorny complications as the educational query. How can a district given over to so many conflicting groups and points of view arrive at any definite plan of scholastic control? Conditions are manifestly bad in many places, and the constant outcropping of new institutions is enough to disconcert any lover of unity. The Commissioner has now drafted a plan which, to make the point bluntly, is drastic. He wants the director of education to know all about the schools, their management, their ownership, their method. The new bill provides for inspection and sundry other forms of control. It would all be very well if the Commissioner himself had as much actual right to say what shall be done in Palestine as a great many other persons dwelling there. As a matter of fact, however, he is only the creature of a League mandate which depends upon respect for the status quo. His educational program, opposed as it is by Jews, Christians and Moslems, cannot succeed. One hopes, on the other hand, that some of the demand for a respectable standardization which his bill incorporates will be preserved, and that Catholic bodies will not hold out for impossible terms.

EXCITEMENT is rife these days, and it may be that some of the disturbance regarding whether ministers should enter politics will die down gradually. A few aspects of the matter are, however, of fundamental importance. In a recent issue of the Outlook, Mr. Hinman discussed, from the point of view of a loyal Protestant, certain divines whom he classified as "meddlesome Matties." There has now appeared a reply from the Reverend Dr. George Cady, who is executive secretary of the American Missionary Association. This outlines a strong case for ecclesiastical concern with politics. When the "effort to save souls" gets so far, Dr. Cady thinks, the "sources of the strangle-hold on our people" invariably show up in the form of "the city hall, the state house and the capitol." Various agencies of degradation—liquor especially—have been in politics, and so in order to render salvation possible for the masses, it is necessary for the churches to enter politics too. "We are there and there to stay," declares our author. "We may be temporarily defeated this fall; if so the fight is not over, it has just begun."

WE ARE certainly not dedicated to the principle that ecclesiastical authority should refrain from ever looking at politics or sociology. But the course of conduct outlined above appears to conceal a very grave flaw, which was never better defined than by the Baron von Hügel in one part of his masterly paper on The Central Needs of Religion. The flaw is this: if one could legislate away, or otherwise remove, all the sources of sin, it would by no means follow that all men would be converted. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that comfortable citizens who have every moral convenience at their elbows never set foot inside a church. Mr. Ernest Abbott was therefore quite reasonable in replying to Dr. Cady, on behalf of the Outlook, that "if the church has faith in the spirit of the Master it serves . . . it will not try to impose its will on others, but so attempt to serve as to make its spirit contagious." For, regardless of good intentions, it is too easy to attempt galvanizing men into conformity with a method when what one is actually trying to do is to lead them toward an end. No one has ever doubted that temperance is a virtue. But when a minister tries to force people into a certain kind of temperance, he inevitably finds himself in a territory the martial nature of which has never conformed very well with the meekness and the courtesy so characteristic of Our Lord.

FLYING from London to Paris in four stages, the young Spanish inventor Juan de la Cierva proved that his autogiro is a plane which can ascend after a very short run, maintain a very satisfactory equilibrium while in flight, and descend almost vertically, with a run of but a few yards after landing. Safety was also claimed for it on the theory that the rotating horizontal arms would serve as a parachute in case of trouble to the motor. In view of this, the accident which occurred the day after the flight was amusing, but no serious case against the plane's practicability. It was due to the snapping of a cable which unbalanced the machine, something which might happen, according to Le Bourget, even to the best of multiple-motored, fool-proof planes. What prejudice there is against the autogiro exists not because of this, but because of its appearance.

ON THE ground, it seems a fallen windmill; in the air, a large pinwheel. But that it is much more than a toy is shown not only by the fact that it has attained

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a speed of 110 miles an hour but also by the action of the British government, which after an examination, has ordered a number for the Royal Air Force. Spain and Italy have also made purchases in advance of production, which must indicate that the autogiro is no longer an experiment. It is a fact and an encouraging one for those of us who, heretofore, have always hesitated to go aloft.

THERE is no end of mischief in Portugal. Citizens of that republic are about to suffer an infringement of personal liberty beside which prohibition in Finland becomes a minor injustice. For everyone must wear shoes, according to a law which went into effect October 1. We cannot know, as yet, what specific subterfuges will make difficult the enforcement of the law, but that there will be evasions, even violations, is certain from all Portuguese tradition and custom. A safe prediction is that the English compound "bootlegging" heretofore so satisfactory in another connection will find place in the vocabulary of Lisbon.

THE business of self-determination is taken joyously in South Africa. Alertness to problems of state would seem a pronounced characteristic of its citizens, judging from the frequency and ardor of the debates which stir that distant dominion. Not long ago the selection of a flag provoked a critical situation. Now that the Earl of Athlone is about to retire from the governor-generalship, the smoke of controversy again goes up. Frequently as the Duke of York has been mentioned as his successor, it is generally understood in London that there is too much work for all members of the royal family at home to spare any one of them for prolonged duty abroad. This opens a capital opportunity for the Nationalists. Checked in their campaign for a republic, they demand that the governor-generalship be given to a citizen of the dominion. And they are likely to get satisfaction, for it is reported that Premier Hertzog has gone so far toward compromise as to suggest that "unless a prince of the royal blood is willing to assume the governor-generalship, a South African should be found for the post."

A PHYSICIAN of Marseilles, committed to Devil's Island for murder, has partially reëstablished himself in popular esteem by managing to escape. If his crime had for its motive nothing more unique or sprightly than robbery—and Edmund Lester Pearson will convince anyone that it is a mistake to murder for money—there is sufficient glamour about his escape to make of him a romantic character. The pity of it is that the fugitive himself is in no position to appreciate this. His business at present is to wade the swamps, climb the hills and tread the pathless jungles of Guiana, to keep his temper when mosquitoes refuse to be discouraged and brambles lacerate his skin, and to avoid snakes, wild beasts and pursuers. Against such odds, it is not likely that he will get through to civilization; if he does, very probably he will be arrested. In either case the world gains a story, and the physician only notoriety. It's hardly fair.

SO SIMPLE a matter as a chair may not seem an adequate text for a disquisition on the arts, but Mr. Lewis Mumford does very nicely in this passage from a recent Saturday Review article: "Up to the present our use of machine methods has been muddled by two different attitudes. One has been the pathetic error of using machine methods to achieve forms and qualities that are antagonistic to the nature of the machine; under this head comes the introduction of machine-carving in the manufacture of, say, Tudor chairs, in order to stimulate the ancient handicraft designs on a scale that will meet the vulgar mind. For anyone with an honest sense of design, the cheapest bent wood chair is superior to the faked replica of the machine. The contrary error is that of holding that the bent wood machined chair is admirably suited to modern purposes because it is solely and entirely a product of the machine; this neglects the simple fact that it is totally unadapted in design to the contours of the human body in all but one or two brief stiff postures. To deny that the machine can produce art is a fallacy; to believe that everything the machine produces is excellent art is also a romantic fallacy. To curb the machine and limit art to handicraft is a denial of opportunity. To extend the machine even into provinces where it has no function to perform is likewise a denial of opportunity."

NO MORE embarrassments for those who teach the art of fiction! Often enough it has been wondered why teachers of short-story writing never write short stories themselves. Without troubling to answer, knowing themselves safeguarded by the law that nothing is really impossible, they have continued preaching to an eager and prosperous humanity the doctrine that the life literary is not beyond the possibilities of anyone. Yet there were signs recently that the days of plenty were nearing an end; a heavy crop of clover had been cut, but there would not be another. And now time, which heals all wounds, disposes of all hecklers, and dissolves the fly in the ointment, has erased the handwriting on the wall. For it is held that anyone at all, even a short-story teacher, can actually write fiction.

"PLOTTO" is the method by which it is done, and its inventor, William Wallace (Uncle Bill) Cook, ought to be sufficient guarantee of its worth. Because of the prodigious amount of fiction which Uncle Bill has produced during the last forty years, the New York Herald Tribune refers to him as "the man who deforested Canada." There are 1,800 plots, subplots, counter-plots, incidents and episodes, according to the Uncle, which are perfectly interchangeable, and which can be combined to produce no one knows how

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many million stories. Plagiarism? Not at all, says Uncle Bill. He points to Shakespeare, whose ghost ought to be highly irritated, by this time, from being so constantly asked to pose as the illustrious precedent for and benign patron saint of all those many writers who find themselves moved to beg, borrow or steal the materials of romance.

IN TWO ways Father Talon, who died recently after forty years of service in the remote diocese of Trichinopoly, in India, belonged to a great missionary tradition. To begin with, he was a man of exceptional intellect and of a wide range of scholarly interests which he kept alive despite his long communion with ignorant natives. Besides, he was perfectly adaptable to the surroundings which he found in his mean parishes. As a professor of philosophy and theology in France, Father Talon could not have been well prepared for the material circumstance of missionary life in India, yet he adjusted himself so well that he is credited with having been able to live on less than his poorest parishioners. The temptation to sympathize with the hardships of his existence is great, but it ought to be borne in mind that a man as flexible as he was might have enjoyed privation, and at least would have derived satisfaction from it. He was a heroic worker, and will not be long remembered, except, perhaps, in his own diocese, but one who ordered his life so well in obscure ways could not have been overly concerned with fame. Enough for him if while he lived he could "follow the day, and contemplate the night; cheer his fellow man, and himself by so doing."

THE MONSTER LEISURE

STUDENT millions, from grammar grades to doctorate seminars, should be comforted by one fact as they trudge toward books and bleistifts. Contemporary education does reflect the enlarged social benevolences made possible by easier economic circumstances. Professors of mediaeval romance and French poetry have a wider audience and far greater facilities for what is termed research. Students, here and there at least, are caught buying books not specified as indispensable. Mr. R. L. Duffus tells us, in a portly volume worth looking into, that the development of courses in the fine arts is progressing by seven-league strides. And we seem to notice, we who are older and set in our ways, that a certain luminosity of mind is being coveted even by those whose elder brethren sniffed scornfully at all matters highbrow.

Years ago Dr. Canby declared that the American would gradually find out the impossibility of keeping all shreds of culture out of his leisure. The country, he thought, was rapidly bringing about the existence of a fairly large group who, realizing it had no other tasks to set its mental teeth into, would come round to considering letters, philosophy and the arts much as the traditional European "gentleman" had regarded them. That he was a fairly accurate prophet now sems evident. The group is not as large as it might be, nor does it stir up enough fuss to attract anything like the attention received by an all-American halfback. It is always a poor reader of history, however, who would contrast the present unfavorably with the past for this reason. Outside the university territory, a mediaeval doctor was certainly not half so popular nor half so interesting as a particularly gallant robber baron.

The wider social implications of the situation are interesting. During a recent busy afternoon, the Federal Bureau of Education gathered evidence to prove that the people, viewed in mass formation, are guilty of a growing tendency toward leisure. Many may not have noticed it, but the fact remains that working hours have been veering toward the five-day week and that the catalogue of holidays is expanding. As yet we possess no graph which registers the decline into inactivity, but the spread of the golf habit will serve as a relatively satisfactory index. Now then, as a matter of course, the question arises: what is being done with these golden, care-free hours? Though it be no one's business but their own, what the switchboard girl accomplishes through not being obliged to say "Hello" as often per diem as formerly, or what John, the efficient business executive, turns to when released from the pressure of reorganization, is of real social importance.

We have it on good authority that when men like Lincoln found a few hours lying around idle, they turned to the works of Euclid and diverse other famous immortals. So far, the reading habit cannot be taken to characterize modern leisure. There is a wider audience for books than existed in the eighteenth century, but when you have added up increased educational facilities, library convenience and publishers' blurbs, the grounds for considering ourselves literature-ly superior to our ancestors are slight. By comparison the drift toward education is highly pronounced.

To begin with, nearly all people like to think they are expending their intelligence profitably, and so forging ahead to heights unattained before. Then most folk are humble in the presence of learning, and feel that guidance through such mazes and labyrinths is indispensable. We are informed that nearly two hundred universities are now giving courses to adults who want information minus a fringe of credits. In addition, more than half this number are offering correspondence courses so diversified in character that the studious have only to search the encyclopedia for a topic that interests them in order to reach a decision as to what line of study they desire to have alma mater arrange.

So far there has been little indication that increased leisure means strengthened religious activity. The low Mass and the hurried devotion are as popular as

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ever; and the one outstanding difference is the expansion of the lay retreat habit. Every year thousands of men devote several days of vacation time to an intensive survey of their inner lives, thus preparing themselves by an admirable means for the road ahead. It goes without saying, however, that the retreat is designed not to substitute for other forms of religious practice but to stimulate all of them. The heart of the Catholic life, ideally speaking, is the liturgical year which correlates all the days and seasons with the central act of social worship. This has been lost sight of, to a considerable extent, in modern times by reason of the lack of leisure. Workingmen are unable to attend Mass; holy days are necessarily devoted to business. In older and more tranquil Catholic communities, the very language of the people remembers days by their liturgical names and parts of the year by their places in the calendar.

Perhaps the increase in leisure hours will ultimately mean a revival of these hallowed and truly admirable habits. As yet all of us are too deeply stirred by the joy of getting away from work, or by the possibilities of play. But we may come around to the discovery that the Christian life reckons, in a profoundly impressive manner, with that deathless gladness which the sacred mysteries incorporate.

OVEREATING PUBLICITY

APPARENTLY no limit can be set to the number of things which a citizen endowed with a resolve to perform his whole duty as a voter might find out about the progress of the campaign. He could read newspapers all morning, so as to acquire the views of editors, the latest information regarding activities east, west, north and south, and the predictions of campaign managers. During the afternoon he might carefully correlate these data with the Nicomachean Ethics, the history of his country, the proper interpretation of the constitution, and the latest theories of economics. His evenings might then be turned over to the radio, incomparable dispenser of oratory. What remained of his time could profitably be spent consulting with other sages, in order to secure the inestimable benefits of consultation.

Even yet, however, there would remain plenty to do. The conscientious citizen could not ignore the weekly interpretations supplied by expert students of politics, or fail to dip into samples of the pamphlet literature now attacking the American mind in carload lots. Circumstances are such that at least a small amount of interest in the contemporary sermon would likewise be expedient. And, last but not least, who could overlook a careful scrutiny of every candidate's personal history, wardrobe, pronunciation and table manners? Of course it goes without saying that meanwhile the citizen would have to maintain a watch over his own mind to discern that it functioned efficiently and betrayed no bias.

The mere enumeration of these requirements is a critique of the alleged virtues of publicity. Sources of information have been so greatly multiplied that it is utterly impossible to utilize them. What actually happens is that certain salient facts are emphasized by the press, which sifts all things by its canny eye for publicity. Sometimes a bumptious personality is able to bring less stirring matters to the fore, and occasionally a word of warning from someone in authority is heeded. These taken together constitute only a few bars from the immense symphony of a campaign, but it is to them that the citizen listens appreciatively. Obviously, therefore, the situation is not different in any important way from what it was in the time of our fathers. To go beyond the limits which these set to inquiry is simply to make one's head whirl.

We sit and hearken to the noise, but ultimately most of us hear what we want to hear. Few, indeed, are the good Democrats who take out a month's subscription to a Republican organ during the heated portion of a presidential year. The pitiful appeals which are said to be deluging various sections of the landscape in a grim effort to arouse even the utterly lethargic go to those who have used that sort of reading for kindling ever since grandfather was "saved." Nevertheless, there must abide the hope of affecting people directly with the printed word.

Changes of heart, these days, are largely the result of accidents. A man's personal career is altered by an event which shifts his thinking into alien channels; startling phrases, picked up here and there in the course of reading or conversation, give the treadmill mind a jolt into unaccustomed freedom; and gusts of a widely-talked-of "toleration" abrade some protuberant prejudice. It is more and more necessary that those who dream of ennobling the general mentality through literature or similar media should plan not to sweep people off their feet with a direct attack, but rather so to prepare the terrain that individuals will tumble into truth unawares. This suggestion seems particularly appropriate from a Catholic point of view. To rush to the fore momentarily with concerted defenses of doctrine and practice is a necessary and excellent procedure; but one can expect of these nothing more than silencing of erroneous and prejudiced remarks, or a kind of argumentative victory which seldom makes for good-will.

What is really very sorely needed is active Catholic work in the domain of the whole modern outlook, so that out of reverence for the scholarship, integrity and charity of churchmen a new feeling of confidence and affection may result. As things are now, we witness a series of stirring bayonet attacks by Catholic protagonists, but no digging of trenches, no using of long-range artillery and no organization of the reserves. After all, there is more than a little profit in contemplation of the fact that the United States began to prepare for the Argonne offensive as far back as 1776!

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THE NEW MINUTE MEN

By JOHN McHUGH STUART

ACCORDING to Charles A. Dana's well-known definition of news, "the dog has bitten the man." Irrespective of the political or partisan aspects of the campaign, religious controversy is a matter of news as it has never been before. Bitter and nasty as have been many of the attacks upon the citizenship of Catholics, they hold at least this consolation—they provide an unexcelled opportunity for the presentation of the case both for American patriotism and for American Catholicism in its relations to American political principles.

It may still be true that the bigot will accept no Catholic's word as to Catholic patriotism and faith. But the bigot, proprie dictu, figures very small upon the great canvas of American life. Nor are there lacking men and women of a fervent fair-mindedness who, themselves not Catholics, know either through their own learning or through personal contact with their Catholic neighbors how gross a slander it is to say, whether through ignorance or through vice, that those neighbors are not good citizens. This opportunity crystallized itself on September 18, at a dinner given at the Metropolitan Club, in New York City, presided over by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, a director of the Calvert Associates, and sponsored by the Calvert Associates.

There plans were formulated for what well might be called a new crusade. Those present represented many shades of political and religious belief. They were united by perhaps only one common belief, a belief in the existence of God. Before them was presented a unique collection of the scurrilous, vulgar, nasty or merely false magazines, newspapers and pamphlets which are flooding the country today. Dr. Cram, who presided, said this of the exhibit:

"This contains implications for our American life far more important than the election of any individual. I have never seen or read of a more serious menace against our American experiment in the organization of society than this recrudescence of ignorance and bigotry. We should act not because we are partisans but because we are Americans."

It is on this basis that action will be taken. Those present at the dinner and those who could not be present but sent pledges of their support—and the list is as diversified as can be—have formed a permanent organization which will at once proceed to the presentation, by every known medium of publicity, of the truths of Catholic patriotism and of Catholic teaching which, whether they accept it or not, these fair-minded men recognize as based upon a reasonableness which no American could deny, once it was fairly presented to him.

All of those present were agreed that, while advantage should be taken of the interest attracted to this question by the present campaign, the organization should be continued as a permanent one. General Robert Lee Bullard gave quizzical expression to this thought. General Bullard is the soldier and strategist who, in the dark days of the second battle of the Marne, July, 1918, gave utterance to the famous phrase, "We are going to counter-attack." At the dinner he said:

"This movement began about the year 1500. Don't think that you are going to wipe it out in three months. But you are on the right track."

Hence, perhaps before these words can appear in print, evidences of the activities of this non-partisan and non-sectarian body will have been very widely observed.

The collection of anti-Catholic propaganda presented to those at the dinner seemed to them perhaps the best pro-Catholic argument that could be used. It will be preserved in some permanent form. Those at the dinner believed that no decent man or woman could see it without a revulsion against its perpetrators.

George Gordon Battle, native of that North Carolina where bigotry is said to have had an important influence in the present campaign, hotly defended the people of his native state.

"Our people are not unfair," he said, "when they know the facts, and they never have been unfair in the face of facts. William Gaston, whom I regard as perhaps North Carolina's most eminent citizen, was the first student at the Jesuit College, founded at Georgetown, D. C., in 1789. Thomas Burke, a governor of the state, and a Catholic, wrote with his own hands the instructions to the delegates from Orange County to the state convention which nominated him. He himself included this phrase, 'that the delegates should vote for no man who owed an allegiance to any foreign power.'

"The people of his day knew that Catholics owed no double allegiance, for, under those instructions, they voted for Thomas Burke."

Yet Philip Kates, who has long fought valiantly "in partibus infidelium," namely, Tulsa, Oklahoma, warned those present that in territories where Catholics are unknown as neighbors, honest men have listened to the age-old propaganda against them, and that they do demand an authoritative statement of the position of the Catholic Church toward the modern state. He added that many of such persons must have testimony which they would recognize as being disinterested—in other words, not Catholic testimony—as to what that attitude is.

Michael Williams, who was able to assure those at the dinner that ample funds and ample means for

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the campaign were already at hand, sounded the note that will dominate it.

"This is not a fight," he said, "it is an act of intellectual charity to bring the good of facts to minds poisoned by adulterated propaganda. I never face a situation of this kind that I do not recall the words that Bishop Kiley, of Savannah, spoke to me many years ago. The good Bishop had suffered intolerable outrage in the attacks of Tom Watson, yet he said to me: 'Mr. Williams, when you go back North, don't ever forget that our poor people down here are not vile; they are merely ignorant and misinformed.'"

There is ample evidence that the good Bishop's charity toward his detractors has sound foundation in fact. The writer has just finished a perusal of some fifty editorials from the daily newspapers, largely from that South and West where bigotry is supposed to stalk unashamed. They refer to the exchange of letters between Governor Smith and Charles C. Marshall, a year ago last spring; and of fifty such editorials, quite casually gathered at the time, it may be said that in all but one Governor Smith "gets the break," as the newspaper boys say. All but one declare that Governor Smith satisfactorily answered his opponent. Some others questioned the political value of even a successful answer to Mr. Marshall, and it is true that some of these papers have since lent their own pages to attacks upon Catholicism beside which the attack of Mr. Marshall is as a zephyr on a May morn. The main conclusion to be drawn from these editorials, however, is that where and when the Catholic case is presented as fairly and as honestly as Governor Smith presented it, honest men recognize that other honest men can be convinced of the Catholic case and remain valuable Americans.

The list of those supporting the present project, either by attending the dinner or sending their promises of support, is indeed a catholic one, not in the sense that they adhere to the Catholic Church, but that they represent a collection of almost all beliefs.

Ralph Adams Cram, architect of the Episcopal Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York, is chairman of the new committee. Upon it stand side by side the names of George Gordon Battle, dyed-in-the-wool Tar-heel Democrat, and William J. Donovan, who won the congressional Medal of Honor, in command of the fighting Irish Sixty-ninth Regiment in France and who is now, as Assistant United States Attorney-General, one of the leading members of the Coolidge administration and a trusted adviser in the Hoover campaign.

While Michael Williams is secretary of the committee, it has no more hard-working member than Owen Johnson, the novelist. Others associated with the movement—and the list will have grown before you read it—are Daniel Sargent, of the Harvard faculty; Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, of Columbia University; Philip Kates, attorney and author of books on the relationship between church and state, of Tulsa, Oklahoma; General Bullard, Professor David A. McCabe, of Princeton University; Nelson O'Shaughnessy; Archibald F. C. Fiske, second vice-president of the Metropolitan Life, and Judge Martin T. Manton, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

Messages of support were received from Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia; Louis Wiley, manager of the New York Times; Doctor Henry van Dyke, of Princeton University, former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; Raymond Blaine Fosdick, trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation General Education Board; Norman Hapgood, liberal editor; Thomas S. Baker, president of Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh; General Lincoln C. Andrews, director-general of the Rubber Institute, and formerly in charge of prohibition enforcement as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Howard S. Cullman, president of the Beekman Street Hospital, New York; John H. Latané, dean of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; Nicholas F. Brady, chairman of the New York Edison and affiliated companies; Frederick Hobbes Allen, director of the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment; Maurice Sinclair Sherman, editor of the Hartford Courant; Colonel Campbell Turner, formerly of the diplomatic service; William H. Todd, president of the Todd Ship Yards, and high in the councils of Masonry; William Mentzel Forrest, professor of Bible Literature at the University of Virginia; Julian Harris, editor of the Enquirer-Sun, Columbus, Georgia; Doctor Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York; Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life; William Franklin Sands, former minister to Nicaragua; and Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the Board of the Guaranty Trust Company.

Of the thirty-two men mentioned, it may be noted that but twelve are Catholics. While the political affiliations of most of them are unknown, it is estimated that there are more traditional Republicans than traditional Democrats.

Henry Longan Stuart

(1875—1928)

One challenge less before the bastioned gate
Where knightly lances range to meet the hordes
Of brigands that assail, with venomed swords,
The shrines of ancient justice consecrate:
One faithful head laid low that guarded late
The vested moieties that are his Lord's—
Brows helmeted that bent o'er chanting chords
Resonant with defeat for greed and hate.

One less—yet increment of sterling gain
To the white wizardry of seraph wands
That from the heavens enchant embattled lands;
Richer our crypts with dust inspired anew;
The Pace won! And now the vast refrain
Of Alleluias, which our tears bedew.

THOMAS WALSH.

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THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE presidential campaign of 1928 opened on September 17. It opened on that day in a staid and plodding manner, but the next day it started off like a cavalry charge. September 17 was the date of Mr. Hoover's opening shot, and September 18 was the date of Mr. Smith's first volley.

There is a universal misunderstanding, hopeless to correct, about when a campaign opens. It is a strong delusion that the parties nominate their candidates in June, and that instantly the campaign begins at a gallop; the national committees spring full-armed into the fray and the forty-eight states immediately begin showing "trends," "shifts," "waverings," and the like, upon which the two committees fiercely pounce with money and organization in desperate battles to rectify their lines and carry the war into the enemy's country, and all the rest of it.

The truth is that campaigns begin the third week in September. After the nominations are made there is no campaign. The intervening three months are spent in getting ready. The newspapers, as pathetically obsessed as the rest of the country with the idea that there is a campaign, send sturdy reporters daily to the committee headquarters to get the leaders to tell them what is going on. Nothing is going on. The committees are at work on the prosaic mechanics of getting organized, that is all. Less than a month after the nominations a confiding editor asked me to write an article showing in detail how and where the campaign funds were going to be spent this year. I replied that I did not know, and that it would be of no use to ask the committees, for they did not know any more about it than I did.

The job of getting ready is hard, and every minute of the intervening three months is badly needed. By the middle of September things are enough in shape for the candidates to take the stump, and then the fight begins. It will thus be seen that a campaign is actually six weeks long, not four months; but there is no use trying to shatter a belief so fondly and unanimously cherished.

Campaigns used to be longer. The first campaign, in the modern sense, was that of 1832; and the Whigs, as they afterward came to be known, nominated Henry Clay on December 5, 1831. Think of it, a campaign eleven months long! The Democrats did not nominate anybody for President because they all knew they were going to vote for Jackson; but they held a convention to nominate a vice-presidential candidate (Martin Van Buren) in May, 1832. Gradually the length of campaigns shortened, until experience showed that six weeks were plenty, and that is the length of a campaign now.

In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt had an unusually difficult task on his hands. As the candidate of a new party, born in August, he was obliged to create, to begin from the ground; so he could not wait until the third week in September. Under this pressing necessity, he began earlier. How much earlier? With this urgent need for haste, he began on September 2.

It is therefore amusing to remember that throughout August and the early part of September, such newspapers as the New York Evening Post were upbraiding Mr. Smith for his slowness in opening the campaign; for his strange lethargy. Surprise was expressed that this much-advertised warrior should slumber and let the campaign go hang; and much kindly Republican fear was expressed lest he damage himself by his sloth.

But this is rather significant of the place Smith occupies in the campaign. Nobody was surprised that Hoover did not leap instantly into the fray; only Smith. It was illustrative of something that became still more evident the moment Smith took the stump, which is that where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table. Whether Smith is elected or defeated, this canvass will be remembered in colloquial history as "the Smith campaign."

He demonstrated this cardinal fact about the campaign the moment he opened the battle at Omaha. From that moment the fight centered about Smith and no one else. This is a strange reversal of recent history, in which the fight has centered invariably about the party in power. In 1924 it centered about Coolidge, in 1920 and 1916 about Wilson. The most recent parallel was the campaign of 1912, in which year the central figure was another man who was MacGregor wherever he sat—Theodore Roosevelt. Campaigns are called, in retrospect, "the campaign of 1840," or "the Cleveland-Blaine campaign"; but the campaigns of 1828 and 1832 are always called "the Jackson campaigns," and those who wish to find out who ran against him have recourse to reference books; yet Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams were great men.

Both the candidates adopted the unusual course of beginning their campaign in "the enemy's country"; Hoover in New Jersey, Smith in Nebraska. New Jersey is a normally Republican state full of Smith sentiment; Nebraska a Republican state of the Norris-La Follette kind. Two days later Smith was bearding the lion in his den; firing into the ranks of the Ku Klux Klan in what the New York Herald Tribune's correspondent, Theodore C. Wallen, describes as "the most Klan-ridden southern state," Oklahoma. Bryan, who coined the phrase about "the enemy's country," did not actually invade it himself until he had battled across the prairies.

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Mr. Hoover opened with a speech about prosperity. He had worked hard over it, and it was a conscientious and thorough production. It was delivered on a Monday. Smith announced his views on farm relief on Tuesday, and from that time on Hoover's speech disappeared from the campaign discussion; everybody began talking about Smith's speech and kept it up.

In his second speech, that in "the most Klan-ridden southern state," Smith brought into the light what is becoming more and more evidently the predominant feature of the campaign—the question of religious bigotry and intolerance. It was against the advice of the experienced; they counseled him that he would only injure himself if he did not ignore it. In disregarding this advice Smith introduced the nation to a habit of his which, for ten years, has been familiar to the people of New York; that of emphasizing at once the most damaging charge against him and compelling the people to focus their attention on it until they understand it from beginning to end. And there is no longer any doubt that if Smith is defeated, it will not be because he is a wet, but because he is a Catholic.

"No issue threatening more ghastly consequences to the United States," Representative Loring M. Black said in a Philadelphia speech on September 14, "has ever been presented to the American electorate than the religious attack on Governor Smith." Be that as it may, it is becoming not only one of the issues, but the paramount issue, no matter what the stump-speakers talk about. Under the pretense of opposing Smith for his wetness, all those who would proscribe the Catholic faith are making it such, and it is on their success in such states as North Carolina that Hoover's chances of election depend.

"Making a camouflage of either Tammany or prohibition to conceal religious intolerance, uncharity and bigotry," says ex-Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the retired Democratic leader first of the House and then of the Senate, "will not deceive many people, nor can it win." However, it will influence—whether it "deceives" or not—so many people that if Hoover is elected he will have been elected by the large number of such persons in the doubtful states; and remembering this, we can understand the full force of Mr. Black's warning.

Many of the Democratic bolters are bolting solely because of the prohibition issue; but they are bolting in the company of many more who use that issue as a pretext. Most of the official leaders are careful to avoid emphasizing religion; but the captains of ten do not imitate the caution of the captains of ten thousand. Nor are all of the captains of ten thousand so cautious. Mr. Oulahan of the New York Times, investigating with his invariable impartiality the situation in the South, informs us that Bishop Mouzon of the Methodist Episcopal Church has published, in the North Carolina Christian Advocate, an article in which he frankly says: "Whatever else may appear above the surface, this question is in the deep undercurrent of our thinking." He is one of the four bishops who led the dry bolt after the Houston convention. What Bishop Mouzon thus announces, Mr. Smith knows; and in accordance with his habit of ignoring "what may appear above the surface" and going at the core of a campaign, he made his Oklahoma City speech.

"The present time," says Bishop Mouzon, "offers a good opportunity for preachers in a constructive way" to deliver "a series of sermons" on Catholicism. "The present time" is the presidential campaign; he welcomes it as "a good opportunity" to preach sermons against Catholicism, and he gives a list of eight subjects for such sermons. In Virginia the well-financed anti-Catholic propaganda is sending out circulars headed, Vote for Hoover and Curtis, Peace and Prosperity, and Vote for Al Smith and Roman Catholicism.

The situation, so long obscured by those who have talked about prohibition as the cause of the bolt, has cleared up so fast as to convince the most doubtful. Attorney-General Brummitt of North Carolina told Mr. Oulahan, "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that religion does cut a large figure." It is no longer questioned among the North Carolina leaders, except by optimists like Josephus Daniels, that if that state goes Republican it will be for this reason. It was highly characteristic of Smith that he ignored the counsels of those who told him that the way to meet a burning issue is to appear unconscious of its existence.

Oklahoma has become a doubtful state. A suggestion of what it is that gives the Republicans hopes of carrying it is in the fact that when Smith came to Oklahoma City a fiery cross, a symbol of the Klan, was erected to greet him. The newspaper correspondents who accompanied Smith talked to the Democratic state leaders they met, and found, though these leaders were not talking for quotation, that they all regarded religion as the main cause of the split in that Democratic state. It was significant that Smith was welcomed and introduced to his Oklahoma audience by ex-Governor Cruce and Governor Johnston, two of the strongest drys in the state.

The bolting, the feature of this campaign, continues, but it is changing in character. All those who were going to bolt Smith on the prohibition issue seem to have done so. But there are more bolters from Hoover on the farm relief issue than there were at the beginning. The much-heralded farm bolt did not produce any leaders except Hansbrough, Peek and Murphy, at the outset. Lately, North Dakota has produced Governor Maddock, and the Republican State Central Committee has voted down a resolution indorsing Hoover's candidacy. This was before Smith's Omaha speech on farm relief. In Iowa a farmers' convention adopted an anti-Hoover resolution and sang The Sidewalks of New York. Whether there will really be an important farmers' bolt will probably not be discovered until election day.

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WHAT SHALL WE THINK OF MEXICO?

By WILLIAM FLEWELLYN SAUNDERS

THE plan of establishing in foreign countries Mexican publicity agencies, some open and some furtive, was first conceived by President Porfirio Diaz, who felt that it was absolutely necessary for the advancement of the country to have the good opinion of the people of the United States and of Europe. During the revolution that drove him out of Mexico the publicity was not kept up, and the plan was not revived until President Carranza became President.

President Carranza employed both Mexicans and Americans in his publicity work. President Obregon spent a great deal of money on his, and he made a special point of entertaining parties of tourists from abroad most agreeably. President Calles has developed the publicity idea to the nth degree, and with excellent results for his purposes.

Now, there is no reason whatever why the Mexican government should not have publicity agencies in the United States and in other foreign countries, if they told the truth about the country and represented conditions there correctly, but they do not. Influenced by this Mexican publicity, the people of the United States and of other countries who have any idea at all about Mexico, think that under President Calles it has been progressing toward stability; that he has accomplished great improvement in the school systems; that the people are adjusting themselves to the religious laws imposed on them by the President, and are prospering under the agrarian divisions of land; and that business and commerce, while dull, are in good condition and bidding fair to improve.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

At this moment, banditry and rebellion are common in the states of Morelos, Nayarit, Jalisco, Oaxaca and Puebla, and away from the towns in these states traveling is an adventure. The trains are guarded by soldiers, who go ahead of passenger trains in pilot trains. President Calles has to spend nearly one-third of his entire revenue on his army, which is kept busy fighting these bandits and rebels. Last year, in 1927, he spent on the army, $49,992,753.75, and this year he will spend fully as much.

The schools of Mexico, especially those in the interior of the country are more inadequate than they were in the time of President Diaz. He had, in the last year of his Presidency, 1910, 11,922 schools, of which 2,170 were private schools and 9,752 government schools, 20,432 teachers and 748,062 pupils. There are many fewer schools in Mexico now. The parochial schools are all closed, of course, and the disorders in the country have led to the closing of many others. The Mexican Department of Education will not admit this, naturally, but the proof that there are few schools is found in the small amount of money reported by the Mexican Secretary of the Treasury as having been spent on the schools since the religious laws went into effect and the country entered its present decline.

In 1926, the appropriation for all the schools in Mexico was only $12,965,054.13, and in 1927 the appropriation was $13,164,605.88.

Remembering that a good deal of this money has to be spent on the show schools of the City of Mexico, the University of Mexico, the Art School and the Manual Training School there, which are exhibited to tourists with the statement that there are many more like them in the country; and assuming that there are in Mexico now as many schools as there were in the time of President Diaz, it appears that there could be spent on each school not as much, even, as $100 a month. Even in Mexico a school could not be kept open on that little money. It is likely that there are not now in Mexico even 5,000 schools.

And what is taught to the children in these schools? The Department of Education has an imposing building in the City of Mexico to house its offices, and there is a large court in the centre. All around this court, for three stories up, are large mural paintings, done by Diego Rivera, the communist painter, the purpose of each being to excite the anger of the proletariat against the capitalist. One of the paintings shows a party of three riders on horses, a priest, a cavalier and one of the bourgeoisie, trampling fleeing people under foot. Another of the paintings has a party of miners, coming out of a mine at the close of the day, exhausted by fatigue, and lines under the picture, exhorting the miners to work no more for their masters but to forge weapons from the metals they are mining "and then the ore will belong to you."

The instruction in all the government schools of Mexico is intensely socialistic, tending to communism, and is implanted in receptive minds by immature teachers.

It is not true that commerce and business are improving. The commerce of Mexico has declined from $464,863,000 in 1924, the first year of the administration of President Calles, to $379,949,025 in 1927, a decrease of $84,915,975 in four years. The revenues of the government, which come mostly from commerce and from current business, have decreased from $168,358,735 in 1925 to $153,000,000, which the Secretary of the Treasury estimates they will be in 1928. The country is bankrupt and admits that it cannot pay the interest on its external bonds nor on the agrarian bonds. Agriculture is gasping and instead of raising enough of the cereals to feed its population as it used to do, Mexico now has to import corn, wheat and eggs from the United States.

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The people are not adjusting themselves to the religious laws, and are restless and unhappy, nor do the land partitions satisfy them. It is certainly true and is worth thinking about, that if the churches remain closed much longer, some of the wilder tribes of the Indians will revert to paganism, to their old snake worship and human sacrifices.

They will not become agnostics; they want a positive religion, and they will not, as a rule, become Protestants because the Protestant creeds are too cold for them.

As for the land division, the Mexican peon has neither the initiative nor the money to cultivate the land given to him and many get rid of it quickly. They want to work for wages.

The United States has no immigration quota applying to the Mexicans, and so more than thirty thousand Mexicans are coming to this country every year, where they can have good wages, safety in their little homes and freedom of religious worship. The population of Mexico is dwindling year by year.

Really, no more than anyone else do I like to be an advocatus diaboli, in face of all the optimistic things that are being told about Mexico through its paid publicity agents and its misinformed friends in the United States, but until the Mexican government realizes that the policies that have brought about what the Department of Commerce of the United States calls the major economic depression in which Mexico now is, are a mistake and changes them, there will be no prosperity there.

The Mexican embassy in Washington and the offices of all the Mexican consuls in the United States are centres of Mexican publicity, of course, and loyalty requires that they should present the policies of the government in the most favorable light.

There is one publicity bureau in the City of Mexico, known as the Trens News Service, which is directed by a Mexican of great intelligence, and news sense, who employs Americans who are good newspapermen. This bureau serves a good many papers in the United States, and most of its news comes directly from government sources, but the newspapers that print it think that it is impartial and untainted. It affects public opinion in the United States, of course.

Then there is the Mexican Chamber of Commerce in New York, at the head of which is a very clever gentleman who gives out no information whatever that could possibly make a bad impression on the public as to the conditions in Mexico.

Roberto Haberman was employed and paid by the Mexican government to mold public opinion in the United States, and knowing him and his work as I do, I can say that he earned his money. He is an extreme socialist—how far he goes toward communism I do not know. He used to be very close to both President Obregon and President Calles, and was in the employ of the government in the City of Mexico, in the Department of Education, where he was able, by virtue of his position, to exert a considerable influence on the teaching in the schools.

In the United States he has been able to help in organizing several parties of visitors to Mexico—teachers, editors of country papers and preachers. These were called "good-will" parties and they visited Mexico as investigators. But the minute they crossed the border, they were in the charge of the government, and were shown and told what the government wanted them to be shown and told. In the City of Mexico they did not go to the American ambassador, the American consul-general or the American Chamber of Commerce for their facts, but they visited President Calles and the members of his Cabinet and were entertained by the government.

Naturally they accepted what they were told, and when they came back to the United States, by lectures, writing and by radio they described Mexico as the government wanted it described.

Another man who is very effective in his work for the Mexican government in the United States, and is on the payroll of Consul-general Elias, so Mr. Elias said, is José Kelly, who is an agent especially of Morones, or was until lately. Kelly's work is lecturing and speaking to chambers of commerce, city clubs and any other organizations in this country that want to hear about Mexico. I heard him make a speech once in St. Louis—a good speech, but full of misstatements.

While Mr. Kelly is a representative of C.R.O.M., the great labor organization of Mexico, and is of Catholic ancestry, he defends, in his speeches, the anti-Catholic policies of the government, and, since he is a very convincing speaker and seemingly sincere, he makes a deep impression.

There are several writers in the United States who discuss Mexican matters and are not subsidized by the Mexican government, but who present the side of the Mexican government and sympathize with its policies; and I am sure that they are just as sincere as I am, but they think only of the politics and social development of Mexico, and are, as a rule, socialistic and opposed to the Catholic Church. I have never read a single article written by any of these gentlemen that showed that he knew or cared about the economic depresssion of the country. The most conspicuous of these writers is Ernest Gruening, who is writing a book on Mexico and who has traveled in Mexico a great deal. Mr. Gruening conducts a newspaper in New England, and writes for one or more other publications, so he has an unusual opportunity to get his ideas before the public. He is straightforwardly hostile to the Catholic Church.

In his last article, printed a few days ago, he revived that old story that Catholic bandits led by priests had attacked a train in Mexico. Says Mr. Gruening:

> Certainly the episcopate never, with one voice, has condemned the armed rebellion, under the banner of "Long Live Christ, the King," in the course of which trains were assaulted, with priests acting as chaplains, and innocent victims, women and children, slaughtered.

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That story was given to the Mexican newspapers and the foreign correspondents by the War Department of the City of Mexico, and was not true. I was in the City of Mexico at the time, and I talked to three passengers on the train which had been attacked by the bandits, who were after the gold carried in the express car. Each one of these three passengers told me that there were no priests with the bandits. The newspapers in the City of Mexico knew that this story was untrue, and, although they had to print it under fear of banishment, both morning papers were smart enough to run the statement that this information came to them from the War Department.

I should really be astonished at Mr. Gruening's circulation of this untrue story again, but for his plain animus against the Catholic Church, which disfigures his otherwise good writing. In another part of this same article, he says:

> Incredible as it may seem to persons in the United States, Protestant missionaries have, within the last three years, been set upon by mobs [in Mexico] and killed for no other reason than that of their faith and calling.

Now, if that had occurred, I should have heard of it. It is not true. Who were these Protestant missionaries, Mr. Gruening?

CATHOLIC CULTURE IN OUR SOUTHWEST

II. THE WORK OF THE BROWN GOWNS

By MARY AUSTIN

OF ALL the political groups that established themselves in what is now the United States, the Spanish colonies of New Mexico were the least self-conscious in their cultural development—probably because they were the only pioneer groups that were not actuated more or less by dissatisfaction with European conditions. Whereas the eastern colonists suffered a sense of political oppression, persecution for opinion's sake, or were animated by utopian dreams differing entirely from European society of the time, the Spanish settlers would have been entirely satisfied to repeat in the new world the pattern of the society they had just left, which was probably the most incisive and creatively brilliant their country had ever known.

The result was that though manners in general became more democratic, as is the way in pioneer society, they remained largely the same manners. Though the materials of daily use were different, different woods, clays, foods, building supplies, the patterns of daily use were unchanged except as they were to some extent influenced by contact with the environment. Matrons in New Mexico still wear black, long-fringed shawls, with bright embroidered ones for gala occasions. The proprieties between men and women, between parents and children, remained little altered. And the designs of poetry, music, decoration, furniture, pictures and drama are still, after nearly three hundred years, predominantly Spanish.

It is doubtful if the colonists themselves realized how much they were indebted for the preservation of the form and technique of culture to the Franciscans. Nor can the modern observer arrive at any true estimate of their influence without first realizing that the missionary orders of that period absorbed the types of men who today are largely occupied with what is generally known as applied arts and sciences. They were the sort of men in whom head and hand work best when they work in complete coördination. Whatever they thought of they were in some measure able to put into practice; whatever they did they could intellectually explain so that the doing became possible to others. There were twenty-three Brown Gowns in Oñate's expedition and others joined them eagerly, trained, as was usual, for missionary undertaking, in administration, in agriculture, horticulture, architecture, metal working, in all the useful trades. They knew something of botany, mineralogy, of literature, music, drama, painting and all the social arts. They were educated in the highest sense, inasmuch as they knew how to apply whatever they brought to the exigencies of the new environment. At all times their technique for proselytizing for the Catholic faith was balanced by an equal technique for putting into effect every practical implication of Christian living. The whole of this knowledge, integrated and mobilized by the Church, became the matrix of the cultural life of the new settlements.

No very clear idea exists in the mind of non-Catholic America of what the Church was to the community in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in a society in which it was completely accepted. Efficiently organized, magnificantly accoutred with robes, banners, vessels, symbols, music of the highest type afforded by western civilization, pictures that at least preserved the best traditions of Spanish painting, and services that reflected the highest pitch of dramatic presentation of the movements of the human spirit, Catholicism saved the colonies of New Mexico from what happened everywhere else in the United States—the separation of the economic life of the community from all beauty and grace and suavity.

The church buildings put up by unlettered Indians under the directions of the Franciscans, are still among the treasures of American architecture. For the activities of the Brown Gowns, and the living presence of

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the Church, never permitted in the Spanish colonies the growth of that superstition which dominated the second century of the English colonies, that beauty and dignity, poetry and art are incompatible with pioneer life, and that the conquest of the material environment must necessarily be graceless and uncouth. Nowhere in New Mexico, until it came to them over the Santa Fé trail, was there any trace of that peculiarly American identification of efficiency with ugliness.

I have spoken of the Church as the patron of the drama in New Mexico. In addition to the interest in the secular drama which came in with the military, as has been described, many religious plays were brought or written by the friars for performance on Church holidays. Every little community had its "little theatre group" for the performance of plays of the Nativity, of Our Lady of Guadalupe or local dramas for special occasions in which the dependence of the people on Divine guidance had been exemplified. In these societies, many of which are still in existence, the properties, costumes and manuscripts of the plays were hereditary, and parts were often handed on by word of mouth from father to son. Half a dozen of these have been recovered by the writer, among them that one first performed on the soil of the United States, still produced occasionally on Holy Cross Day by descendants of the first performers, surely the longest run of any American drama. From internal evidence, these existing plays seem to have been locally composed, or rewritten from early Spanish morality plays. Recently the writer has encountered what promises to prove the most interesting dramatic manuscript in the United States, a collection of Spanish comedies which appear to be, in part, half-remembered versions of the great Spanish dramatists, written down perhaps by a colonial officer who had heard them in the theatres of Spain.

Inevitably the missionaries brought few pictures and images, only such as could be carried in saddle-bags or mule packs. Many of these early paintings are of the school of Murillo, or are touched with the influence of El Greco, though I cannot accept the attribution of the one in the old church of San Miguel to Cimabue. At Galisteo there are two rather remarkable paintings on skins, one of which is authentically dated 1602, and at Isleta, a Santa Rosalia which calls for revaluation at the hands of an expert. At Acoma is a painting of San José to which miracle-working powers are attributed by the Indians, on account of which a lawsuit between Acoma and Laguna pueblo, which borrowed and failed to return the wonder-working Santo, was sustained for fifty years before it was settled in favor of the original owners. But the most revered of all the ancient images is the one known as La Conquistadora, Our Lady of Conquest. She came into the country in a lumbering, solid-wheeled carreta with De Vargas to recover the colony from the rebellious Indians, who had entrenched themselves in the capital and as far as possible destroyed all traces of the Spanish occupation. When De Vargas had set up the image of Our Lady in a booth of juniper boughs outside the city walls, in a site now occupied by Rosario chapel, he vowed that if Santa Fé were restored to the Spanish forces, the image would be carried in procession through the city every year forever after. This was in 1692, and to this day in Santa Fé the procession of La Conquistadora winds through the ancient capital, preceded, as in the old times, by children dressed as angels, and little girls in their first communion robes, strewing flowers.

Out of this veneration for the shaped and pictured presentation of sacred ideas grew a demand for pictures and images of saints and blessed personages, which was met by the multiplication of them through the artless art of simple reverence, which never fails to produce beauty, however naïve in expression. The materials were of the crudest, hand-adzed slabs of cottonwood, coated with native yeso, on which the figures were painted with the vegetable tints used for dyeing native blankets. Favorite subjects were the Santo Nino (Christ Child) the Holy Family, Our Lady in all her presentments, especially Our Lady of Guadalupe, Saint Francis, the patron of New Mexico, San Isidro for whom the angels plowed, Saint Jerome in the desert, and a score of the sacred friends of the people. For 250 years these satisfied the need of the objective expression of worship. Then artists began coming into the Southwest to discover that the Spanish-American primitive paintings expressed, on a smaller scale, all the sincerity of feeling, the truth of expression and the charm of color and pattern possessed by Italian primitives for which museums and collectors are willing to pay anything the owner chooses to ask.

Unfortunately this discovery has led to the passage of this unique expression of American art out of the hands of the people among whom it originated, so that the best of them are now far beyond the means of the artists who discovered them. Recently a triptych of the Creation, Temptation and Expulsion was discovered in one of the Indian Pueblos, where it was probably painted under the direction of the resident Franciscan, but with touches of endearing aboriginal naïveté, and that feeling for significant form which characterizes all Indian art. Fortunately it fell into the hands of Frank Applegate, painter and sculptor, distinguished for his contribution to the renaissance of Spanish colonial art. It is deeply to be regretted, however, that the commercial value of this interesting example of the pioneer period will probably lead to its being sold away from the Church and out of the state, neither of which has as yet any adequate provision for preserving their historic treasures.

Just as the pictures and images of the Spanish colonies are disappearing from New Mexico, so the somewhat timeworn furniture of the homes and the churches are being bought up by collectors, though there are enough still in local possession to show the persistence of the best Spanish tradition with the sort

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of local adaptation which would be expected to spring from a society made at home in its new environment by the institutionalized embodiment of its cultural ideals. Anyone familiar with the development in the eastern colonies will recall how, as the sense of belonging to the social complex of Europe faded, and before there had been any formulation of the cultural ideal of the United States, beauty faded out of the architecture, the furnishing, the manners and adornment of the American people. Far as the New Mexicans were from their mother country, formal beauty never quite deserted their daily life, because it was objectively established in their midst in the living Church, and strenuously practised by their spiritual leaders, the Franciscans. It was not until after the Brown Gowns had been withdrawn, by the newly established republic of Mexico, and the influence of American invasion began to be felt, that the formal expression of beauty began to go out of the social and family life of Spanish-speaking New Mexico. To anyone visiting the homes of this people at their best period, the first thing that appeared was the complete integration of social and religious life.

In the thick-walled, adobe rooms, as long as the owner's purse and as wide as the nearest obtainable aspen vigas, there were the same carved corbels and rafters, the same niches for the favorite images, the same pictured saints upon the walls, lit by similar candeleros of punched tin, and hanging lanterns such as are found still in the old churches at Cordoba and Truchas and Questa, and all the other little towns of the mountains called Blood of Christ. Indian influence would be shown in the stamped earthen floor and the decorative band of yellow ochre carried part way up the wall, and the bright zerapes folded on the low bancas that ran often the whole length of the room, and in the attractive three-cornered fireplaces. Reminiscent of Spain were the chests, carved and painted or cunningly woven of rawhide, the varguena, or writing desk of the head of the family, and especially the wedding chest in which every young lover stored the jewels, the lengths of bright silk, the embroidered shawls and laces, which he was expected to provide for his bride. In the winter the earthen floor would have been well covered with rugs of homespun and woven wool, in checked or striped patterns of natural white, black and brown.

In the dining-room of such a hacienda would be displayed in cupboards beautifully carved and painted, the family service of heavy silver, mixed with the coarse native pottery, for fragile china was the one thing nearly impossible to transport on muleback. The household linen would have been for the most part homespun and decorated with exquisite drawn work, or embroidered in wools in patterns taken from Spanish shawls, from the priest's vestments or from the housewife's own fancy. These old pieces of needlework, when they can be found, bring extravagant prices today, and are but poorly imitated.

The manners that went with this frame of life were such as would have been expected, intricate, florid and precise; above everything, dignified. The effect of personal dignity went with Spanish character; but, in part, it was undoubtedly owed to the presence of the Church as the central fact of every social occasion, betrothals, weddings, baptisms, funerals, rejoicings. It is still the fashion in the remoter towns to give the first performance of one of the local dramas in front of the priest's house, and the second in the house of the village rico; and all community enterprises, even an Indian rain dance, start, as a matter of course, with a special church service. It is reported that in the old days the village priest was not averse to a mild bet on the favorite sports of horse-racing and cock-fighting. In those days everybody played the guitar or violin, everybody composed songs, acted plays or wrote them, all the women were skilled in needlework and every man was an expert horseman.

The economic complex by which this colorful life was sustained, retained for a long time the pattern of old Spain. The wealth of the country accumulated in the hands of the large landholders who had received royal grants, among whom generosity was the most prideful virtue. Climate and the absence of the competitive element so characteristic of the other American colonies made the life comparatively easy, so that it has been said of the ricos of Spanish New Mexico that their chief reason for acquiring wealth was that they might give it away with a large gesture. I have heard the older members of the Otero family tell of the days when they used to take their money to the housetop in baskets to sun it, for the prevention of mildew, and it is a fact that, when the American army first passed the Rio Grande, the Indian governor of Isleta loaned their general 20,000 silver dollars to pay the troops with, and was more than twenty years recovering the debt.

The most of the population lived in a state of more or less economic dependence upon the Patróns, a state to which, long after the American occupation, they looked back regretfully, though they would not now willingly revert to it. There can be no question that the pre-American period was happy, and, in its own fashion, competent. What we are beginning to realize now is that it was more fruitful in the arts of life than it has been since. That what was lost was partly owing to the weakening of its culture from within by the forced withdrawal of the Franciscans after Mexico's declaration of independence, there can be little doubt.

In the century which has elapsed since that time, and under pressure of a characteristic American neglect of every cultural expression but its own, the native New Mexican contribution has shrunk to proportions which appear negligible to all but the minority of the present population. Whether or not anything can be done to revive the creative genius of the Spanish Southwest, is subject for another paper.

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VIGNETTE

By MADELINE W. LOCKWOOD

CERTAIN people belong to certain streets. Like Grandma Kuhler of Third Avenue.

She lives in her seven-room railroad flat over the Third Avenue Ice Cream Parlor that Grandpa Kuhler used to own. Time was when he and she cautiously took the air on a Sunday afternoon. Tall, stoop-shouldered Grandpa shambled along with his big, trusty, crook-handled umbrella. Always a bit behind trudged Grandma with her smaller, trusty, straight-handled cotton one and a bright sky smiling kindly, tenderly, on both. To see them was a good sight. They warmed your heart.

Now she and her umbrella are bereft of their companions, for the old man has passed on, and his generous umbrella languishes in the hall closet.

You can see her any Thursday morning out marketing for Friday to Sunday's dinners and suppers. If she isn't in the Atlantic and Pacific store or Tony the vegetable man's, she'll be at Otto Christian's (Best Meats at Lowest Prices in the City). The ancient, cracked, rusty pocketbook is twined through her left arm and her hand with great knuckles raw and swollen from thirty years of family washing, clutches the pocketbook tensely. Her square thumb sticks out stiffly from her fist, a sign that Otto Christian cannot fool her on a cut of beef nor Tony sneak wormy apples in with the good apples. Tony and Otto and the Atlantic and Pacific man all respect that thumb.

See how her knitted market bag sags chockful of potatoes and flour, meat and apples! By the time she reaches Luigi's Shoe Shine and Hat Cleaning Parlor the old woman is puffing and wheezing, her face grows purplish. A thickset figure, Grandma, resembling the marzipan Santa Clauses that bring Christmas to the soda and candy store windows on Third Avenue.

Every day she stops to greet "Gut afternoon, Frau Canzoni," to the Italian of the triple chins in graduated sizes, who sits eternally embroidering monograms on linens in Luigi's shop. Signora Canzoni, the sphinx needlewoman brooding darkly over her hooples, is the oracle of Grandma Kuhler's daily pilgrimage. The squat German and the mountainous Italian discuss women-things with never diminishing heartiness.

Grandma delivers long dissertations on her prowess in the creation of meat krepchen and thimbles for soup. She assures the Signora there is a magic way of preparing spinach so that it is not only good for you, but you like it. A slight odor of onion clings to her hands as she recounts to her companion the relative merits of garlic, paprika, celery salt, nutmeg, thyme and allspice—the little garnishes that make food something to remember.

Having eased her tired body, the old woman drags up the market bag and scuffs her way home. Wearily she creaks up the stairs to the kitchen.

This slanting-floored kitchen is the museum of Kuhler treasures. On the shelf, glinting against pea-green walls, old, old brass candlesticks smile back at the almond chopper, the fat china salt box and the silver fruit shears marked "1825." A big gold-lettered papa coffee cup matches a smaller mama one at either end of the shelf.

The groceries put away, Grandma proceeds to her daily household inspection.

Third Avenue elevated wheels shriek raspingly in front of the old lady's shining pink ears as she evens the best-parlor shades. Her hair is like steel wool, combed and brushed religiously to a precise psyche braid secretly augmented by a switch made of ten years' accumulated combings. She wears a long white apron with a six-inch hem, whose strings just manage to meet around her historical waist. An apple-tree dumpiness, hers, and a face the color of its fruit.

There she is, fussing over her windows. Uneven shades mean distress in a home, a sign that all is not well within. She looks around to see if everything is in order, rubbing one old-fashioned, slip-on shoe against the other as she muses.

The pink and blue and nile-green, gilt-scrolled settees stand primly right and the ample bed dressed in renaissance lace over bright pink sateen challenges your eyes. Huge red plush- and silver-framed water colors of Papa and Mama in their forties flank either side of the bed. Grandma particularly likes these pictures of herself and Papa because Steinberg, present-this-coupon-and-five-dollars photographer, omitted her chin mole and Papa's half-inch single hair at the tip of his nose.

She tucks today's Staats Zeitung under her arm and marches importantly into the dining-room, leaving the parlor to its eternal odor of camphor and sanctity.

Instinctively she goes to the fringed, red cotton table cover as she used to do when Friedrich was here. Again, in the dusk she hears him:

"Ma—Mama—"

Again she complains, "Never do I get a minute's rest. All my life work and work, no life, no pleasure. Wait, I show you—I show you—wait when I move by Riverside Drive and put up my real Berlin curtains in the trunk for fifteen years—not here in this dark place I put them up—not here!"

And she would clear the table of papers and account books that old Friedrich loved to pore over, simulating the busy bookkeeping that he so meticulously cherished in his happier days.

"Again! Again you take them pictures off the sideboard. Look, my best cut glass could fall on the floor und break!"

"Enough, enough! I was looking at the pictures und thinking of the old days in San Francisco und Arizona—not so long ago it is—1849. I come here in open schiff—three months on the water—und the

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peddling brother und me did all across the country to reach the gold fields in time for gold—gold. Na! Und there was no gold for me—you remember, Mama?"

"Yes, Friedrich, and should I not remember? Didn't I go through enough out in San Francisco? Now you must rest, Papa, rest—"

Friedrich is resting now, and his wife, who pioneered with him across the United States, is here today with her memories, so clear that she speaks aloud to her heart's vision of him. She rubs her eyes. "Na! I must be dreaming—" and shakes her practical self as if to throw off the clinging dreams. "My Friedrich—my Friedrich—you was so gut to me—so gut!"

The gaslight, turned high in yellow dancing fans with blue semi-circles at their bases, reveals the friendly Dutch shelf that carries short and tall and fat and lean beer steins, each with its proverb in ponderous German script. The cuspidor and the six-foot rubber plant each had fresh water. Fifty odd photographs, only twenty-two of which can be seen, are guarded on the mantlepiece shelf by a stuffed alligator and a coconut. Souvenirs of relatives' vacations. It was Friedrich Kuhler's pride that he never wasted time on vacationing!

"So!" The old lady's second chin is jostling her chest. Her rheumatic fingers fumble in retying the knot of grey tape that holds her jewelry bag, nestling in the top of her corset these many years. Only her diamond earrings are permitted to show themselves. Her ears were pierced when she was a child in the old country.

"Cuckoo!" sings the bird in the Nuremburg clock.

She is still dreaming of her Friedrich and their life together. It is as though Papa and the children were at church on Sunday morning. This is Grandma's life—her roots are planted strongly, far-spreading, deep in this house on Third Avenue. Nearer and nearer creeps the past, making the present unreal to Grandma Kuhler. The embers of a life nobly lived—now the flame flickers—flickers—

The Old Bull

Always at dusk's still hour, the old bull came
Slowly through the trees to contemplate
From the hill's brim, the aftermath of flame,
And to nuzzle the padlocked pasture gate.
Behind him in the shadows of the wood
A host of shadowy figures seemed to mull
In the gold-slanted dust, the while he stood
Outlined on the sky, gaunt, unbeautiful.

He alone of some long vanished horde
Remained—a king deposed; set there apart;
He pawed the earth with baffled hooves and poured
A cry of hunger from a breaking heart;
Then listened, trembling in every limb,
As echo hurled it empty back to him.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT I SAW IN MEXICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the same week that Mr. Saunders's article was printed in The Commonweal, a paper purporting to give information on affairs in Mexico was published in the Nation. The paper was by Ernest Gruening. After reading Mr. Saunders's article one comes to the conclusion that Mr. Gruening's information is all one-sided, and although there are many of his statements to be criticized I will only touch on the most important ones.

While speaking of the agrarians' charges against Morones for responsibility for the murder of Obregon, Mr. Gruening says that their charges "may be dismissed as groundless. . . . They had these bases of justification: Morones had on at least one previous occasion resorted to assassination to remove a political foe." If this act lends weight to the agrarian charge, why then should not the charge of the Osservatore Romano that Calles was responsible for the murder, be just as effective when we know that in all his military and political career the President has been guilty of shedding blood wrongfully?

There is one statement in Mr. Gruening's article that is particularly striking, and I hope that The Commonweal will explain it. It is as follows: "Incredible as it may appear to persons in the United States, Protestant missionaries have *within the last three years* been set upon by mobs and killed for no reason other than that of their faith and calling." I believe that in the interest of truth and justice this statement should be explained.

REGINALD T. KENNEDY.

(The statement referred to in the last paragraph of Mr. Kennedy's letter elicited further inquiries, and of course the editors themselves were deeply interested in it. The letter which follows was therefore sent to Dr. Gruening. To date no reply has been received. It is, of course, unnecessary to add that we shall print Dr. Gruening's explanation whenever that reaches us.—The Editors.)

Dear Dr. Gruening:—Your recent Nation article on Mexican affairs contained the following sentence: "Incredible as it may appear to persons in the United States, Protestant missionaries have within the last three years been set upon by mobs and killed for no other reason than that of their faith and calling." This statement has led to several letters of inquiry which have recently reached our office; and, needless to say, we are ourselves deeply interested in it. A question addressed to a leading Protestant missionary brought the response that, so far as he knew, there had been no such killings.

I am therefore taking the liberty to inquire if you could send us any evidence to substantiate this statement, or indicate the sources from which such evidence can be gleaned. Any reply you may care to make will be distinctly appreciated.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER,
Managing Editor, The Commonweal.

RELIGIOUS NEWS COLORING

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In the Boston Transcript recently, while reading an account of the political activities of the various political leaders, I came across an article touching on the doings of Governor Smith. This news item states that Smith had sent an invitation to Senator Thomas Walsh to come to New

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York to have a chat with him. And this same news item, when mentioning Senator Walsh, went out of its way to tag him religiously as a Roman Catholic. And what is more, this same news item did not issue from the pen of an avowed political partisan, but came from the Associated Press, a non-partisan news agency.

The exact bearing of Senator Walsh's Catholicism on the scheduled conference was not made clear by the Associated Press. What this particular despatch did indicate in unmistakable terms is the fact that the correspondents of the Associated Press have fallen into the serious error of supplying the public with its political news in the terms of Catholicism and Protestantism. Walsh's Catholicism was not "news." Our "fair and impartial" political correspondents have taken care of that angle of the situation. No justification can be advanced for any such news coloring—for that is what it amounts to.

A certain portion and type of our respectable press has been and is doing everything within its power to compel the reading public to view the political situation in terms of Catholicism and Protestantism. There is scarcely any doubt on this point. But it would seem that the Associated Press should be above this sort of thing. No one is being fooled by the despicable tactics being employed by responsible Republican organs and equally responsible Republican leaders in keeping the political situation streaked with Catholicism and Protestantism.

The Associated Press has recently laid down a set of rules which its correspondents are to observe during the coming campaign—the object being to keep its political despatches non-partisan. If these regulations are not broad enough to enable the responsible officials of the Associated Press to forbid such miserable tactics as the one referred to being used by its correspondents, then there is obviously room for improvement in this respect.

We are electing an American citizen to the Presidency. His Catholicism or Protestantism is merely incidental and is not a dominant factor in the campaign. American citizens are working for the election of both candidates and the Catholicism of these political workers or their Protestantism, as the case may be, is likewise merely incidental and is not or should not be a factor in the impending election.

A news agency such as the Associated Press should be aware of these facts, and being aware of them should conduct itself accordingly. It is just as well to get these matters straightened out before the campaign gets under way.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

ECHOES OF MALINES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Lest your readers should be grossly misinformed by the review of Abbé J. Calvet's book Rome and Reunion, in your issue of September 5, I would say that the said essays are by no means "Echoes of Malines." The book appeared seven years ago, before the Malines Conversations began. For further data on it I would refer you to the London Tablet, March 24, page 392, and May 5, page 583, 1928. Also to the Month, May, 1928. In the latter magazine, the Reverend W. A. Spence says, "The general tenor of the addresses is most mischievous as the use already made of them shows."

PIERCE STURGIS.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Machinal

THIS play sets out to do what some dozen others have attempted—namely, to express through the medium of short episodes the mood and temper of modern life. In its general form and technical accomplishments, it is probably the most successful of the expressionistic plays. Where it fails, and fails lamentably, is in the material used.

I assume that the author's intention was to convey the effect of a mechanical age upon modern womanhood. In the case employed, the method is to make a young stenographer marry her employer and eventually murder him, in order to free herself to join a lover. The young woman in question is as full of emotions as she is empty of thought. Either by intention or oversight, Miss Sophie Treadwell, the author of the play, neglected to supply her heroine with anything remotely resembling a reasoning apparatus. The girl tells us in the last episode that she has always been searching for peace. That statement, taken in conjunction with many of the episodes of the play, including symptoms of claustrophobia anent riding in subways, an alternation of affection with violence toward her mother, a definite repulsion for the man she marries, her selection of a lover because he calls her an angel, an emotional outburst which makes her murder her husband—that statement and its accompanying symptoms, as I say, is enough to set her down as a definite psychopathic case afflicted, as the Freudians would probably say, by a maternal fixation. This means just one thing—that the story has little or nothing to do with the effect of a mechanical age upon the girl in question, and is merely a study in abnormal psychology which might just as well have taken place near a rockbound New England farm as in the turbulent city of New York. In other words, Miss Treadwell has written a play about a psychologically deranged moron. But she has not written a play about the devastation wrought by modern conditions on an otherwise intelligent and strong personality. For this reason, the entire play lacks any special significance as a portrait of the present age.

This, it seems to me, is a matter of primary importance in judging the value of Machinal as an effort in the modern theatre. The combination of an Arthur Hopkins production, settings by Robert Edmond Jones, and an acting company of no small distinction, lends a general atmosphere which conveys a misleading surface impression. I am sure that at least half the audience every evening spends much of its time in looking for "significance" in many of the dreary details of this rather stupid tragedy as an excuse for the baldness of its detail. For it is just that kind of expression of modern life which specifically requires an accumulation of detail in order to explain the turn of events.

To say that this is merely the story of an emotionally neurotic girl of a very low order of intelligence, who murders an objectionably complacent husband because she has fallen in love with a romantic rotter, will probably shock many ardent apostles of the new art, but it is an absolutely true statement. The girl seems to have various longings for hilltops and free spaces, but it is perfectly evident that if she had been born on a hill farm in New England, she would have been equally bored and restless and would have had similar secret longings for the freedom and gaiety of life in a big city. She would have probably married a banker in a neighboring small town in order to get away from the farm, and would probably have

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murdered the banker in order to run away with a trapeze artist with the first traveling circus. No matter what environment you placed her in, she would be discontented for the very simple reason that her psychological problem is an internal and not an external one. If she had lived in the middle-ages, as the wife of a king, she would have been bored with her stupid consort and have wanted to run off with the first knight errant. Or, conversely, if she had been married to a knight errant, she would have been deeply wounded at his frequent trips away from home and have longed for the peace and security of being the wife of a king. In one sense, this is an admission that Miss Treadwell has picked a fairly universal character—one to be found in all times, in all ages and all conditions, but it is also true that she has picked a most intensely uninteresting universal character, hardly worth writing about in any time, in any age or under any circumstances. By this I don't mean that a psychopathic case could never be made interesting in the theatre. On the contrary, we have in Hamlet the classic psychological case of all time. What makes Hamlet interesting is the fact that his emotions are at war with his intellect. The girl in Miss Treadwell's play has no intellect with which her emotions could possibly be at war. She has, so to speak, no inner protagonist. Hers is a story of crushed submission to her own emotions, not a story of struggle, conflict, of final victory or final defeat. She is very nearly an automaton.

Some of the critics have battled heroically to explain just why Machinal achieves certain haunting overtones. All I can say is that the text of the play has the one artistic merit of understatement, that the settings by Robert Edmond Jones create a definite stage mood, and that Mr. Hopkins's direction brings all the actors into harmony with the text and the settings. I am sure that this is an adequate explanation, without seeking for any profundities in the story. We happen to be afflicted today with audiences which are quite as ready to swim in their emotions as the modern authors themselves. Such audiences are always highly impressed when a distracted heroine exclaims, "I have always been searching—searching—" They seem to feel that, somehow, anyone who is deep enough to be constantly searching must have some hidden inner excuse for murder, lust or any other convenient crime. They feel that some beautiful climax has been reached when such a heroine can exclaim, "I have never felt free until the moment I hit him over the head with a bottle!" As a matter of fact, the girl in Machinal says no such thing. What she does say is something to the effect that she never felt free and purified until she committed adultery. But the general notion is the same. It means that if somebody is confused within a mental fog, and lacks the will power and energy to try to pierce the fog, we must extend him the warm and juicy hand of sympathy, and feel that he must must have been wronged somehow, somewhere and by someone. I am not denying for a minute that Divine Justice might see the guilt of such a person in a much more merciful light than the law. But I am denying most emphatically that a woman of this sort is material for effective drama, or for a solid and thoughtful presentation of what is evidently Miss Treadwell's intended theme, and that audiences which attempt to find significance in the emotional swirlings of this girl are using their heads.

The real burden of the acting is carried by Miss Zita Johann. I can easily see that the depressing monotony of her performance was inspired by Miss Treadwell's text. It would have been possible, however, to lend the semblance of intelligence to the girl's character by more fire and variety in the reading of her lines. In certain scenes, Miss Johann does so well that not an inflection nor gesture should be changed. But in other scenes—notably the one with her mother—the entire absence of any flashing spirit beneath the surface merely increases the conviction of the girl's low mentality and makes one doubt quite seriously whether she would ever be capable of her later emotional explosion. A bit of particularly good acting is that of George Stillwell as the fatuous husband, a man enamored of his own success, whose mental processes are limited to a constant repetition of age-old epigrams. In its technical aspects, Machinal is something of an accomplishment, but in every other respect it is a sadistic bore, quite meaningless in the sense of throwing any new illumination upon the machine age. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

This Thing Called Love

EDWIN BURKE has written, and Patterson McNutt has produced, another of those little plays dealing with the eternal question of why it is that a man and woman who love each other deeply should spend the greater part of their married life in violent disputes. The theme has been attacked so often and from so many different sides, that we can hardly expect to find any new or deep revelations in a comedy of this character. Even Eugene O'Neill attempted the same task in his play called Welded. You can say this much, however, for Mr. Burke, that he has probably come closer to giving a simple and understandable answer than Mr. O'Neill, although to compare the two is somewhat like trying to compare a twisted oak with a sensitive plant.

Ann Marvin has a sister and brother-in-law constantly at odds, has the memory of similar goings-on between her parents, and therefore believes that running a tea shop, even when you run it into bankruptcy, is a safer occupation than marriage. She then meets a man who not only finds her much to his liking, but has a special craving for the comforts and charms of home life. Between them they concoct an arrangement under which Ann will become his wife in name only, under which love will be strictly taboo, and under which, lastly, Ann will act in the capacity of a sort of glorified and salaried housekeeper.

The arrangement works beautifully for a few months. They each lead a rather independent life until that little thing called jealousy shows them both that they are deeply in love and must abandon their arrangement in favor of the complete and old-fashioned marriage. Within two weeks, however, the quarreling begins and it is only the rather surprising developments of the last act which convice them that even misunderstandings are worth the torture they bring when measured by the happiness of remaining together.

Obviously this is not a very deep story. It rather assumes jealousy and possessiveness as inevitable and fixed factors of the marriage state, suggesting no way in which a finer understanding can emerge. In one sense, however—a comparative one—the play leaves a good taste in the mouth. It distinctly does not preach the gospel of a constant changing of mates in order to find the mythical blue bird of happiness. It makes no attempt at sophistication. The general impression is helped along considerably by the engaging acting of Violet Heming as Ann Marvin, and Minor Watson as her husband, Tice Collins. I have never been very deeply impressed with Miss Heming's ability as an actress, but on this occasion she has acquired a poise and a distinct type of quiet charm which are both quite suited to the pleasanter implications of the play. (At Maxine Elliott's Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Impressions of Prophets

Prophets, True and False, by Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THIS book is announced by the publishers to be "daring and lively," and it fully lives up to the announcement. In forcible, vivid English, with broad slashing strokes, yet with a wealth of detail, the well-known author presents us portraits—as he sees them—of twenty-seven leaders in American life, most of them now living. Here we have no conventional pictures. They are etchings, bitten in with acidulous—some would say, vitriolic—sharpness, allowing no half-tones, no gracious shadows, but showing each hero, or victim, in plain black and white.

The author's long career in journalism has brought him into intimate contact with many of the men he discusses, and he reveals in many cases facts not generally known, or he sets them in a new, piquant and challenging perspective. He delights to single out some one aspect or incident and make that the key to the entire career. Mr. Hoover is labeled, "super-salesman"; Senator Borah, "the Idaho lion"; Charles Curtis, "jockey and senator"; Philander C. Knox, "dollar diplomat"; William R. Hearst, "failure"; Woodrow Wilson, "a supreme tragedy." If only a human life could be justly summed up in an epigrammatic phrase and tagged accordingly, how easy the task of the recording angel would be! But these portraits are perhaps purposely injudicious, scarifying, allowing little or nothing for the growth of a public character, for the inconsistencies of a living organism, for the repudiation of the errors of youth. They are not biological studies of growing personalities, but definite diagrams of finished careers.

Yet the writer finds that not one of his "prophets" is wholly "true," and not one completely "false." In all of them is a potpourri of nobility and baseness—except in the case of Franklin K. Lane, "public servant," to whom he pays a moving tribute that ought forever to be preserved. He also has, for obvious reason, a special fondness for Senator La Follette. But if Woodrow Wilson is labeled "supreme tragedy," almost all the others reveal a tragic blend of high endeavor (except Hearst) with double-dealing or utter disillusion. No war record has more casualities than this book, and in it hero worship gives place to a hero dissection that is ruthless.

It is indeed well that our histories and biographies should debunk some of the great names of the past and present. But in the process of stripping off false acclaim, exaggeration is easy, and soundness of judgment may be sacrificed to a telling phrase. Is it conducive to the understanding of our age to say that "criminal labor leaders, who believe they can obtain their ends best by violence and murder, are little worse from the point of view of ethical standards, than men like Charles G. Dawes"? As a matter of fact nothing could be more untrue than the statement that in public address Mr. Hoover "cannot be heard twelve feet away." The description of our President is "the timid little Mr. Coolidge in the White House." Of Colonel House, whose "nakedness is self-revealed," the sentence is: "It is impossible now to believe that he was else than a complete hypocrite." The sketch of Woodrow Wilson closes with pity for those "whose very souls he outraged and betrayed." The unfairest sketch of all is that of Charles E. Hughes, whose brilliant record is at end dismissed with allusions to "frock-coated righteousness" and "narrow, conventional religion"—the only reference to any kind of faith in the unseen to be found in the book.

By what standard, then, does the writer pass these ex cathedra judgments? It is difficult to say; possibly each man is considered great in proportion as he defies existing public opinion. Clearly each man is infamous if he approved the world war, "that convulsion of hate, falsehood and passion which shook the country in 1917." The conclusion of that war was "the great disaster," and every man who aided and abetted is now to be condemned and rebuked. Any mention of Versailles or of President Coolidge evokes acrid contempt. Thus does this book challenge, with the pen of Dean Swift, most of our current evaluations. The accomplished writer proclaims his faith in the plain democracy while he smashes most of its idols.

W. H. P. FAUNCE.

The Curiosities of Nippon

Japanese All, by J. Ingram Bryan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A QUIET sense of humor runs through these twenty essays of Dr. Bryan who, for sixteen years, taught in Japanese schools and colleges, thus having different opportunities to study the many facets of Japanese life at close quarters.

There is an absence of the amateur attempt of the circumambulatory tourist to create an oriental pose in these essay studies, which is as pleasing as it is novel. For years the Oriental has called the tourist a triangle person, because these land at Yokohama, dash up to Tokio and Nikko, then take the train to Kioto and Nara, then rush to Kobe or Moji to pick up a steamer for China and India, in which countries they will pursue the same kind of triangle tour to their own intense personal satisfaction, but will terribly mislead the home folk by their information concerning the oriental countries which they toured. "Tourism" is absent from Dr. Bryan's volume.

Each essay is upon some precise aspect of Japanese life, throughout which the proper Japanese word is used in describing the particular class or object. From these studies it will be sufficient to choose such as "the wife"; "the kiss"; "the earthquake." Customs and manners vary in each country, but too often the representatives of one nation seek to impose their own upon a country in which they are but transients, or perhaps official visitors. Such was the case when, on one occasion, the crown prince of Japan was present at an official Japanese reception, at which, to the amazement of the coterie of Japanese state officials, a certain foreign diplomat, following the procedure customary at the official receptions in his own land, after bowing in true diplomatic style, leaned forward and imprinted a resounding kiss on the cheek of the crown prince. Consternation reigned, but the Japanese quietly, but determinedly, placed an official beside the prince to prevent a repetition of a practice which is viewed with disfavor by most Japanese. Kissing, it is true, is mentioned in the Bible and has been thought by many persons to be an oriental practice, but in certain areas, such as China and Japan and the northeast of Asia, it is not liked as a custom. Possibly the Occidentals build their argument of oriental coldness of demeanor and manners upon the absence of this display of a somewhat ornate sentimentality. Indeed, though many thoughtful Japanese feel that certain western habits are bound in time to penetrate Japan, they still believe that kissing is undesirable from a moral as well as a social aspect of life. It is for this same reason that the foreign films are always considered as a matter

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of grave concern. Each film is compelled to pass the official censor, who will paint out the parts to which he takes exception in the presentation of the foreign life. Thus often there are passages of blackness, which Japanese audiences greet with laughter and comments such as "western naughtiness," "western wicked man," while the interpreter and translator who stands beside the screen finds refuge in gazing at the ceiling. Indeed, police control of the picture palace in Japan goes so far as to separate young men from young women, while the married couples sit in the centre portion of the building, because the police imagine that the antics of occidental society might tempt the young to cast wrongful glances at each other.

The earthquakes in Japan are perpetual and Dr. Bryan's comments upon these are as amusing as they are interesting. Tokio has some fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred earthquakes a year—about four a day. Dr. Bryan, when he first arrived in Japan, asked what was to be done when an earthquake came, and received the disconcerting reply, "What do you do? Why, you do nothing. The earthquake does it all." He then learned what all residents of Japan learn—after the first shock or kick comes, to wait—and if a second comes which is more severe than the first, then to clear out at once, always taking the lamp with one; to keep in the middle of the road, watching how the buildings are affected, and if one's house collapses, to go straight back to it to see that it does not catch fire. This volume might well be placed in the hands of the would-be tourist with the request to read it more than once, so that he might understand the meaning of the saying, that "he who goeth and would bring home the wealth of the Orient must take the riches of knowledge with him."

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Chaotic Russia

The Land of the Children, by Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky; translated from the Russian by Nina Nikolaevna Selivanova. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THIS is a terrific book; terrific, because it describes not only a terrific reality, but also a terrific state of mind in regard to its author. The dominant impression after one has closed the volume, is that the whole of Russia has gone mad, and that it will never be sane again.

Orenburgsky has been compared not only in his own country, but abroad, to Tolstoi, and some critics have said that The Land of the Children will rank in Russian literature together with War and Peace. I do not share this opinion, because it seems to me that his work lacks the principal quality required to make a book immortal, that of being understandable for everybody. Orenburgsky's psychology cannot be understood by an outsider or even among his countrymen, because it is, if I may say so, an accidental psychology, a psychology acquired not through observation, nor even through intelligence or any inner feeling, but through fear; the terrible agonizing sense of something worse to come. Nothing could make one realize better than this appalling book, the mental havoc brought about by the abomination of Bolshevism in the hearts and souls of the Russian people.

It is an unhealthy book, but it is a wonderful one. It ought to be studied by all those desirous of coming to a clear understanding of the modern Russian mentality, this mentality which, amid despair, can still look ahead and say that though "the malicious darkness crucifies Christ, He still rises from the dead"; and further on: "God Himself is 'mind, knowledge' and the path of man lies through a growing knowledge to the

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understanding of the infinitude of mind," a sentiment which would never have been understood or shared by Tolstoi. Tolstoi was all kindness, all heart, all tenderness, in comparison with this new school of Bolshevik realism.

The most curious thing in this volume is that all the personages who figure in it remain but flitting shadows, showing but too plainly that today there is nothing stable either in the Russian mind, or in the old Russian land which is being so entirely transformed, but which, according to Orenburgsky, ought, like the phoenix, to arise out of its ashes. He closes his story with the words of the old Russian ballad of the fourteenth century:

"In holy Russia, the cocks are crowing;
Day will soon come in holy Russia."

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Exquisite Art

Miniatures and Silhouettes, by Max von Boehn; translated by E. K. Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE word "miniature" is associated with the work of the mediaeval scribe, the miniator, whose duty it was to illuminate the capital letters and chapter headings of manuscript with the red color of minium, but it is only at the opening of the renaissance period that a true sense of portraiture develops in the lilliputian art, so that Jean Clouet (1487-1544) is the first painter from whose work the history of the miniature portrait may be traced. He was followed closely by Giulio Clovio (1498-1578) the Croatian master, and Holbein, the portraitist of Henry VIII and various of his wives.

The author of Miniatures and Silhouettes, Dr. von Boehn, presents an excellent chapter on the historical technique of an art which appealed to the English from an early period. Hans Holbein resided and painted in England from 1526 to his death in 1543, and enjoyed general favor among the nobility. His imitators, Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619) and Isaac Oliver (1556-1617) succeeded him at the courts of Elizabeth and James I. Samuel Cooper (died 1672) was the popular miniaturist of the Puritans and the Commonwealth, and with his brother, Alexander, brought the dazzling English period of minute portraiture to an end; unless one counts the brief revival of its splendors by Richard Cosway (1740-1821).

The great French painters, Largillière (1656-1746) and Masse (1687-1767), as well as the Neapolitan Rosalba Carriera, and François Boucher, occasionally painted in miniature, but the Drouais father (1699-1767) and son (1727-1775) obtained great vogue beginning with the period of Madame de Pompadour. Liotard (1702-1789) followed them with great success in France as well as the court of Maria Theresa in Vienna. There was also a famous Swedish miniaturist at this period, Peter Adolph Hall (1736-1793) who became entirely French in his method as well as in his life.

The absence of a centralized court in Germany resulted in some obscurity in the fame of the German miniaturists in general: of Denner (1685-1748) Chodowiecki (1726-1801) Fuger (1754-1818) Daffinger (1790-1849) and Waldmuller (1793-1865).

There were successful schools of miniature in the Scandinavian countries, which depended somewhat upon German influences. Jacob van Dort was a native of Holland who practised his art with distinction in Copenhagen with another Dutchman, Toussaint Gelton and Jorge Gylding and W. A. Muller. Hoger was a famous miniaturist of the latter part

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of the eighteenth century, following Christian Hornemann (1654-1844) and Hans Peter Fedderson (1788-1863).

Dr. von Boehn gives also a study of the application of miniature painting to jewelry, fans and royal orders which frequently consisted of portraits of the donors. Diamonds and locks of hair became serious contestants with the miniaturists and a traveler in Paris notes that even the women of the market place sold their butter and eggs with arms braceleted with their lovers' portraits. When rings frequently contained tiny portraits and even the waistcoat buttons were so ornamented, clearly the art in miniature was coming to an end.

The craze for snuff was outlived by a craze for snuff-boxes and we soon reach a period when my lady begins to develop the art bindings of her make-up case and bonbonnières with smaller paintings, jewels and enamels.

The silhouette is another form of portraiture whose origins are dated to the eighteenth century, but may be traced back to mediaeval Persia, and the silhouette-cutters of Constantinople in the sixteenth century. The modern phase of the art dates from Etienne de Silhouette (1709-1767) Controller-general of French finances whose economies of administration were associated with this shadowy fad. Lavater attributed particular physiognomical importance to these profiles as concentrating on the outline solely, so that it became the fashion to send one's silhouette to the physiognomist, just as one might send a specimen of handwriting for an expert reading. The pantograph or machine for receiving the shadows was a favorite piece of furniture in every well-appointed drawing-room.

It was only when the artists began to touch in accessories of hair, clothing and jewels in Chinese white that the art began to decline. Germany was the land of its completest development, for in France, where the silhouette originated, it gained very little importance. Like the miniature, it was quickly seized upon for decorations of porcelains and furniture. In Paris, the Théâtre Seraphin in 1771 devoted itself to shadow plays, and Count Pocci and Clemens Brentano wrote little plays, the scheme of which may be seen adapted to some of our film pictures of today.

Altogether Max von Boehn's Miniatures and Silhouettes is a work covering important periods in the history of art and containing much interesting history of the life and social customs of an age vanished but not yet altogether dead. For fashions are like the dragon's teeth; once started they may flourish over and over again in a harvest of works sometimes more prolific than in inaugural periods.

RODERICK GILL.

The Hungry Generations

Old Enchantment, by Larry Barretto. New York: John Day Company. $2.00.

WE HAVE had many post-war novels of the passing of the ancient order in England; we have had, too, many delicate and penetrating studies in fiction of New York's social aristocracy—in the days before the city's distinctive character was submerged by the onrush of metropolitanism: but we have had few works describing, as does the present one, the disintegration of a social caste in a new civilization. Perhaps in such an easily won field the retreat of lost standards is too shadowy, the strongholds of fixed convention too few to arrest even the roving gaze of novelists; yet the field is a fertile one for the social psychologist.

Mr. Barretto has presented, not unconvincingly, though less ably, an American counterpart of Sheila Kaye-Smith's End of

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the House of Alard. He describes for us the Portlands, a New York family of aristocratic lineage, fallen financially from their high state, yet seeking with pathetic assurance to preserve their lost dignities. To the fetish of money they oppose the fetish of family; the older members—Whitney Portland, the father, and Great-aunt Ellen, the maiden aunt—impose narrowly and selfishly their dessicated traditions upon the younger members, Audrey and Alexander, restricting their opportunities and all but ruining their future. Revolt is inevitable; each of the young people seeks, in turn, a fuller life—and perhaps finds it; but it is a life warped by missed opportunities and sensibilities too finely cultivated for the new environment.

The character of Great-aunt Ellen with her rigidity, her impervious refinement, her tragic blindness to realities, is drawn with subtle truth—and, scarcely less convincingly, that of Whitney Portland, her cherished nephew, whose life (unconscious though he may be of the fact) she has laid waste. Audrey and Alexander are, we cannot but feel, mere types for the illustration of the thesis. They are not unnatural, but they do not come alive, and hence suffer in contrast with the sombre but sharply chiseled outlines of the older generation.

To all who are interested in American life, in the revolt of youth, in volcanic social change, and in the unchanging truths of human nature viewed against a shifting background, Old Enchantment will present a moving scene of the comédie humaine. And Great-aunt Ellen in her rusty clothes, and with her high gentilities and shabby standards, will define herself as a type—an individualized type—of a caste that, like Chesterton's "last sad squires," are riding toward the sea.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

The Child and Eternity

I Belong to God, by Lillian Clark. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

THE author of this book, a religious of the Cenacle of Saint Regis, has designed the meditations which compose it as a series for a child's three-day retreat. However, their scope is so broad, and the parallels and suggestions in which they abound are so generally applicable, that they should prove a very useful, indeed a very welcome, accompaniment to the ordinary primary catechism class.

No effort has been made to dovetail these artless and loving little reflections into one another in rigid logical sequence. There is a natural consonance between the main ideas brought under consideration—God's rights in the soul as Creator and Redeemer; God's habitation of the soul; sin; hell; grace; the Nativity; communion; confirmation—but each could stand alone, with its story, its object lesson and its attendant prayers. The author evidently possesses a marked intuitive knowledge of the young child's mental processes, and especially of its approach to those religious truths which, while they must be concretely realized and lived, present abstract aspects sometimes of a very formidable character, from the point of view of religious pedagogy. The peculiar aptitude of the parables employed throughout this little volume—all of them definitely modern and some of them quite startlingly so—as well as the pervading gentleness of spirit and the constant unforced but skilful appeal to the motives of love and loyalty, make the book especially valuable to those, either parents or teachers, who must deal with the clear, direct and affectionate little minds just opening to the Faith.

MARY KOLARS.

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Lyra Graeca, edited by J. M. Edmonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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GARRET LEWALYS.

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